

## FINANCE PROBLEM IN EASY TERMS

Government Must Have Twenty-four Billions in a Year.

WILL BE RAISED BY SAVING

Sixteen Cents From Each Dollar Each One Earns, and the Rest by Selling Liberty Bonds to Patriotic Citizens.

By LABERT ST. CLAIR.

The problem of government finances is just as complicated as we choose to make it. Approached from different angles, it can be made as baffling as a Chinese puzzle or as simple as the operation of an old-fashioned dasher.

If one attempts to delve into the ramifications of the expansion of currency, and all that sort of thing, he is very likely to develop stiff neck from craning up and down columns of figures and wind up by declaring that figures lie horribly.

On the other hand, if he faces the situation in a broad, concrete way and compares it with the problem of financing his home, or some similar everyday expenditure, he can grasp and master it as he would the handle of the family pump.

Here is the government's immediate financial problem in a nutshell: In the next twelve months \$24,000,000,000 probably will be required by the United States government to meet war expenses. The total income of every person in this country is only about \$50,000,000,000 a year. Therefore, if the cost of the war for the next year were to be assessed pro rata, every person's share would be forty-eight cents on every dollar that he or she earns.

Need to Beat Off Murderers.

Now let us bring the proposition a little nearer home. Suppose that a band of murderers, in blood-stained uniforms of gray, having slaughtered their way through the helpless waves of women and children in nearby cities just as the Hun has done in France and Belgium, established themselves in the woods at the edge of our town with the fixed purpose of waging slaughter in our midst. Then, if it were announced by the authorities that it would cost forty-eight cents of every dollar that every citizen in our town made in the next twelve months to conduct a defense against the murderer, that would be clear, wouldn't it? And if the authorities were to go further and say that they would assess sixteen cents of this forty-eight on persons who could afford to pay it and accept the other thirty-two from persons who, out of their zeal to aid in the defense of their homes and their loved ones, would take the promise of the local government to repay it, that would be plain, too.

There isn't a bit of difference between the local case I have described and the present case of United States government. The Hun is in the offing, the government needs an average of 48-one hundredths of everyone's earnings in the next year to conduct its defense, and it plans to raise this money on a one-third tax and two-thirds bond or stamp sale plan. Within the next year approximately \$5,000,000,000 will be raised by taxes and \$19,000,000,000 by the sale of government securities.

Must Be Raised by Economy.

There is the situation, and the question now arises: How in the land of Goshen are we ever going to raise such a sum as \$24,000,000,000? The answer is: Save as we never have before.

It will not be pleasant to skimp ourselves, for we have not been used to skimping, but we simply shall have to do it. That old \$24,000,000,000 requirement is going to stick to us like a burr to a pair of mittens, and we simply must raise it.

We must practice the same economy to raise the money with the Hun 3,000 miles away that we would if he were in the grove out at the edge of town. He may be 3,000 miles away in person, but at every beat his lustful heart spans that gap between your daughter and mine and his fingers have a virulent 3,000 mile itch for your money and your farms.

The question of what each of us must economize on can be settled only in our individual minds and at our own firesides. If the Hun were in the grove literally, would any of us ask our neighbors what we should sacrifice in order to help raise our respective shares of the forty-eight cents on the dollar? I think not.

My notion is that the question every patriotic American should ask himself is: What must I have? The query: What can I get along without? is not searching enough.

Heber Grim's Story Apropos.

Every time the idea of saving occurs to me I think of old Heber Grim, a character out in my western Indiana town who had a perennial habit of joining church. Just as regularly as revival meeting time rolled around, Heber would get himself all hot up over his sins and, along in the last days of the meeting, he would come roaring and snorting down the aisle and join up.

Somehow, though, Heber never got around to making any sacrifices in behalf of his new found religion. He always kept right on chewing tobacco, swearing like a mule driver, drinking like a fish, and, worst of all, squander-

ing his money on loud clothes and other luxuries to such an extent that he seldom had a cent to apply to any worthy cause, such as the care of his family or the upkeep of the church.

As a result of Heber's regularity in blacksliding, therefore, for a dozen years or more the church folks never baptized him. They just sort of let him slide along, and, when immersion day finally arrived he usually was out behind his trotting horse, at a cock fight, or at some other place scarcely fitted for converts.

Finally, though, the church authorities got tired of Heber's professions of faith and their subsequent flitting about, and when the next revival started, along in the spring, and he began to show signs of interest, they advised him that his confession would be received only with the understanding that immersion should follow immediately. He thought the matter over for three days and then agreed to join that night and be baptized without delay. And, sure enough, he arrived bright and early, and, when the going got good he joined up for the thirteenth time.

Baptized Him in a Flood.

Unfortunately, just as the meeting started, a terrific storm arose and the subsequent cloudburst flooded the country, Coal Creek, where the baptizing was to take place, being particularly swollen. This situation made the baptizing somewhat dangerous, but the authorities agreed that it was their only chance to get Heber, so, after church, with the repentant sinner in tow, and armed with lanterns, they fled down to the creek for the baptizing.

Stories differ as to how Heber, just as he was being immersed, escaped the officiating pastor's hands, some saying he wriggled out and others maintaining that he slipped, but, anyhow, he disappeared in the darkness. Daylight found him perched in a sycamore tree, a mile down the creek, in the center of a whirlpool that was worth a man's life to attempt to invade. Hence, we had to leave him up the tree for three days until the water receded.

Why He Vowed Sacrifice.

When the recruiting party finally arrived at the base of the tree, it was surprised to find Heber raining down plug tobacco, drinking liquor, dice, stickpins, fancy rings and other trinkets on which he had squandered his money, and declaring loudly that there was no sacrifice he would not make in the future for the good of the church and the protection of his soul. Nor did he descend until he had stripped himself of everything that he could reasonably spare and a little bit more.

"Well, Heber," Bill Boggs, the postmaster said, after shaking hands with him, "I certainly was impressed with your spirit of sacrifice. Why was it that you never did that before?"

"Why, thunderation, man!" Heber exploded, "I never was up a tree like that before."

And there you are. When before were we, as patriotic citizens, up a tree as we are this year?

NO WASTE IN ARMY CAMPS

Conservation and Reclamation Division Obtains Maximum Utilization of All Materials.

One of the most insidious pieces of German propaganda which the government has to combat appears in the form of rumors concerning excessive wastes of all foodstuffs and supplies in our army camps and cantonments. A glance at the work of the conservation and reclamation division of the army readily establishes the falsity of these reports.

The aim of the conservation and reclamation division is to obtain the maximum utilization of all materials of service, to reduce the waste of these materials to a minimum, to destroy nothing, and to dispose of all material useless to the army at the greatest profit possible.

No restrictions are placed upon our soldiers' appetites, but the highest care is exerted to prevent the soldier from taking more on his plate than he wants—in other words, much of the food that formerly was lost through carelessness is now saved. The reclamation officer and his assistants in every camp and every cantonment are responsible for the separating and the classifying of kitchen waste, produced in the preparation and serving of every meal at the mess; the object of this careful separation and classification of kitchen waste is to prevent waste.

The division also has active charge of farming and garden operations for each camp and cantonment. The produce raised is used in rationing troops and providing animals with forage. No men fit for active duty are required to assist in this agricultural service. The quartermaster general of the army has a much more efficient plan, for he has this work done by interned aliens, enemy prisoners, conscientious objectors and military prisoners. Of our own enlisted men only those physically unsuited for service overseas or partially disabled are assigned to this agricultural work. It is believed that after a few months of outdoor work, many of the men now unfit will so improve physically that they will become fit for transfer to fighting units. Thus the army will reclaim men as well as materials and supplies.

The boys at the front and at camps and cantonments in this country also are setting a standard in conservation and reclamation which is magnificent. They are doing their utmost to see that every penny invested in the cause of democracy, through Liberty Bonds and otherwise, is utilized efficiently.

## YANKS BLOCKED DRIVE ON PARIS

Advancing Foe Had Surprise of Life When He Found Americans in Line.

GRAPHIC STORY IN LETTER

Tells of Our Troops' Heroic Resistance in June—Held by Many Officers to Have Saved Paris From Hun.

Washington.—A graphic eyewitness account of the fighting near Chateau Thierry, in which American divisions, including the marine brigade, took part, early in June, was made public recently by the navy department. It is in the form of a long letter from an officer of the marines to Major General Barnett, commandant of the corps, and the story told is of peculiar significance, as in the opinion of many officers here it was the stand of the Americans along this line which saved Paris.

The name of the writer is not disclosed. The Americans were rushed to the line in motortrucks to support the hardpressed French. On June 1 the marine brigade deployed in a support position, the battalion commanded by Maj. Thomas Holcomb hurrying into the line as the men climbed out of the trucks. The Germans were coming on, and June 2 the French dropped back, passing through the American lines.

"We had installed ourselves in a house in La Voie Chateau, a little village between Chateau Thierry and Lucy-le-Bocage," the letter says. "From one side we had observation of the north and northeast. They came out on a wonderfully clear day in two columns across a wheat field. We could see the two twin brown columns advancing in perfect order until two-thirds of the columns, we judged, were in sight."

Foe Slew Up by Shrapnel. "The rifle and machine gun fire was incessant and overhead, shrapnel was bursting. Then the shrapnel came on the target at each shot. The white patches would roll away, and we could see that some of the columns were still there, slowed up, and it seemed perfect suicide for them to try."

"Then, under that deadly fire and a barrage of rifle and machine gun fire, the Boche stopped. It was too much for any man."

"That men should fire deliberately, and use their sights and adjust their range," he says, "was beyond their experience. It must have had a telling effect on the morale of the Boche, for it was something they had not counted on. As a matter of fact, after pushing back the weakened French and then

running up against a stone wall of defense, they were literally 'up in the air' and more than stopped. We found that out later from prisoners, for the Germans never knew we were in the front line when they made that attack. They were absolutely mystified at the manner in which the defense stiffened up, until they found that our troops were in line."

The letter tells in detail of the days of fighting that followed. It describes a daylight charge against a machine gun post and of scouting raids up to June 6, when the whole brigade swung forward to straighten out the line. This action resulted in the capture of Belleau wood.

Hit Three Times, Still Fought on.

Major Sibley's battalion of the Sixth marine regiment led the way here, with Holcomb in support. The woods were alive with enemy machine guns. That night word came back that Robertson, with 30 men of the Ninety-sixth company, had taken Bourches, breaking through a heavy machine gun barrage to enter the town. Robertson, fighting with an automatic in either hand, was hit three times before he would allow himself to be taken to the rear.

Speaking of individual acts of bravery the writer says Duncan, a com-

## Spy Rounded Up By Trap Shooter

Paris.—There is a certain United States signal service sergeant up in the Toul sector at the front who has been able to combine a little pleasure with his business. The censor won't let one tell the sergeant's name, but without revealing any military information it may be said that before the war the sergeant was rated as one of the top guns at a well-known trap-shooting club in the States.

There is not much trap-shooting just now in France. They are not cracking away at live birds either. But the sergeant got his pigeon shooting just the same.

The particular front in which the sergeant operates is infested with German spies.

All sorts of things were happening. A "tramp" battery, one of those particular guns that whisks up, slams a few at the Fritzes, then slides out on the jump, found itself being shelled the instant it lined up for a shot. Again, every time there was a troop movement, the movement was anticipated by the Boche. Beside that, every time a body of our men got together for any purpose whatever, the

pany commander, "before he was moved down his pipe in his mouth and was carrying a stick." Later he adds, "Dental Surgeon Osborne picked up Duncan and with a hospital corps man had just gained some shelter when a shell wiped all three out."

Private Dunlavy, killed later, captured an enemy machine gun in Bourches, which he turned on the foe with great effect, while at another point "Young Timmerman charged a machine gun at the point of the bayonet and sent in 17 prisoners at a clip."

When the enemy made a stand at one point in the woods Sibley's battalion was withdrawn and for an hour and fifty minutes American and French batteries hammered the wood. Hughes, with the Tenth company, then went in, and his first message was that the wood had been cut to mince-meat. Overton, leading the Seventy-sixth company, finally charged the rock plateau, killing or capturing every gunner and capturing all the guns, with few casualties.

The Eighty-second company lost all its officers, and Major Sibley and his adjutant, Lieutenant Bailamy, reorganized it under fire and charged a machine gun nest at the most critical time in all the fighting.

"I wonder if ever an outfit," the letter said, "went up against a more desperate job, stuck to it gamely, with out sleep, at times on short rations, with men and officers going off like flies, and I wonder if in all our long list of gallant deeds there ever were two better stunts than the work of Sibley and Holcomb."

Tippling Off the Hun. Now, the Hun doesn't use his big guns unless he knows what he's shooting at. How he learned, however, was pretty evident. Some one back of our lines was tipping him off.

The signal service sergeant was the first to detect how it was done. His squad was repairing signal wires back of the trenches. The sergeant halted in his work and gazed skyward. A pigeon was going over his head. The sergeant watched it idly, calculating as he stood there how far he'd lead it with a 12-gauge. Then with a sigh he went to laying a wire again.

A few minutes later the sergeant stopped again. Another pigeon had risen from the wood. But a few minutes later, when a third pigeon rose from the wood, the former trap-shooter carried no longer. A half hour later he bolted into the quartermaster's department, stroked a salute and spoke hurriedly.

"Gimme a shotgun," he demanded. Shotguns are a regular part of certain quartermaster's supplies. Soon the sergeant might have been seen standing behind a hedgehog gazing toward the nearby wood. Presently he was seen to stiffen, at the same time murmuring "pull." The 12-gauge swung briefly in an arc; a crack and a crumpled ball of feathers came tumbling toward earth. To make sure, the sergeant gave it a second barrel just before it hit the earth.

Clever Shooting.

It was pretty clever shooting. The bird was high, going over fast and quartering. "Kill!" murmured the sergeant methodically, as he retrieved the fallen game.

That afternoon the sergeant got four other birds. Attached to a leg of each pigeon was a code message in German handwriting.

A short time later a detachment of military police got the owner of the pigeons. In his blouse and sabots he looked like any of the peasants tilting the fields behind the lines. On being stripped, however, he proved to be a German under officer.

## PLANE MAY FLY ACROSS ATLANTIC



This is the American-built Handley-Page airplane Langley, constructed for the proposed flight across the Atlantic. The picture was made as the machine was being prepared for its christening.

## "Old Glory" at Front

London.—When the Illinois troops and Australians attacked together at Vaire wood and Hamel, a sergeant of the American contingent took into action a small American flag, the gift of his mother. The men under his command and destroyed a machine-gun post hidden among tree trunks just inside the wood. As they went on after bombing the German crew, the sergeant brandished the little flag over his head and shouted, "Come on, fellows; there's another one." Just ahead some Australians were fighting around a shallow pit in which were five Prussians and a machine gun. Two or three Chicago boys dashed up with their bayonets poised. One of them literally fell on a big Rhinelander who was about to throw a bomb and sent him sprawling with a cracked skull, and, with the Australians, put the remainder of the crew out of action and cleared a dugout behind of 11 submissive fugitives.

Popular Symbol in China.

One of the most frequent groups of symbols seen in Chinese designs is the Buddhist group. The Buddhist knot is the sign of longevity, and also stands for the eight Buddhist commandments. Two fish denote domestic felicity. These fish, or perch, go in pairs and are always faithful to each other. The umbrella of 10,000 people is presented to a mandarin on his leaving a district as a token of the purity of his administration. The canopy, like the umbrella, is a sign relating to ef-

fect life, which is the ambition of every Chinese.

Introduced Himself.

Grandma was out walking with her small grandson when a large dog came running along the walk. The little boy started to pet the dog when grandma warned him not to, saying that he was strange to the dog and might get hurt. At that the little fellow walked over to the dog, made a bow, and said: "I'm Ford Bradley. Now you know me, don't you?"

## MINISTERS GO TO WAR. ALL CHURCHES CLOSED

Albany, N. Y.—With the enlistment of Rev. William Wallace Eaton, pastor of the Methodist church, Schenectady churches are without ministers.

Every church in the village has been closed up, temporarily at least, for the call of Uncle Sam.

Rev. Mr. Eaton will soon be on his way to France for work with the Y. M. C. A.

"Girl in Every Port."

Boston, Mass.—Writing to members of Fraternity Lodge of Rebekahs in Milford, Lieut. Elbert M. Crockett, now on war duty in France, says:

"Censoring the letters of the boys to their sweethearts back home is one of the jobs I'm up against most every night. Some of them have but one sweetheart, and some of them have two, three and four."

"Telephone Probe."

The inventor of the Bell telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, has another invention to his credit that very few know of. Yet it is in constant use in France. It is called the "telephone probe," and absolutely locates the exact position of a bullet in the human body.

Acetylene for Street Lighting.

The streets of more than 250 towns in France and Algeria are lighted exclusively with acetylene.

## Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

FOR EACH OTHER'S SAKE.

A grizzled Scotch banker in New York was bidding goodby to his son, a young lieutenant, ordered overseas. "Dad," said the boy, "you could give me something I'd rather have than \$25,000." "What's happened to you, my boy, that a big bunch of money like that seems a trifle?" "Nothing, father, but there's a thing you could do that I'd rather have than all kinds of money." "And what might that fine thing be?"

Then the young man with the single diver shoulder bar looked his gruff-tender father straight in the face and said, as if he meant it, "Dad, I wish you'd promise me to cut out the whiskey while I'm gone." The father bristled up. "Why, boy, you know I never take too much. You know how little I drink here at home, and I don't booze in business hours. What's got into you, boy?"

But the boy persisted until the man said, "Son, you're going into temptations you never dreamed of over there. You'll need all the stiffening you can get to keep straight. I'll promise you to be prohibition if you'll promise me not to forget your mother and your covenant vows."

And father and son shook hands on it.

When the banker's friends down town see him refuse to join them in a noon-day cocktail or an evening highball, they wonder what has come over him. He is thinking of the lad who is with Pershing, and he will keep faith.

There are many American fathers and mothers in these days who are living nearer to the level of their better selves, for the sake of the knightly sons who have embarked on the great adventure overseas.—The Christian Advocate.

ALCOHOL NOT A STIMULANT.

Fifteen years ago, it was believed by competent scientific authorities that alcohol to some extent stimulated respiration because it seemed to cause an increase in the volume of air passing through the lungs, which was thought to increase the absorption of oxygen. In the interval, it has been learned that the mere amount of air that goes into and out of the lungs does not necessarily measure its value to the tissues and the cells where gases are exchanged. The air must not only pass into the lungs, but it must get out into the tissues beyond the "dead space" in the lungs. Some new careful experiments in the nutritional laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, lately reported by Harold L. Higgins, show that after taking into consideration all the factors of respiration, alcohol, when given in a way to exclude other factors such as activity or the digestion of food, in amounts of from one to one and one-half ounces, indirectly acts upon respiration as a depressant, not as a stimulant. There is not much, if anything, left of the old stimulant theory, and it is time that everybody stopped using the term "stimulant" as a synonym for alcohol.—The Union Signal.

BEER CRIMINOLOGY.

A women physician, Dr. Mary F. Cushman, of Maine, writes as follows: "If anything has ever demonstrated the evil of beer drinking, it is surely the present war. Years ago, when specializing in mental and nervous diseases, I was taught that alcoholists had proved the crimes for which distilled liquors were responsible, are crimes of passion unpremeditated, and often a horror to the perpetrator when he recovers from the effects of his drink. The habitual use of malt liquors, however, so affects the moral sense as to lead to deliberate crimes, carefully planned, coolly executed, without compunction or remorse. Germany, the great beer-drinking nation, has simply illustrated this in a war conducted along the above lines of beer criminology. What does our nation want of the drink that makes men capable of the atrocities perpetrated by Germany?"

HOW HE IS HANDICAPPED.

The drinking man is the first man to get sick, and the last man to get well, says Rev. M. A. Lambing in the Pittsburgh Observer.

He is the first man to lose his friends and the last man to appreciate them.

He is the first man on the toboggan to poverty and the last man to get on his feet to find his way out.

He is the first man to get hit by accident and the last man to recover.

He is the last man to get a job and the first man to lose it.

He is the first man to die and the last man to provide for his family.—The Pioneer.

WHY NOT?

"Why don't the saloons put their finished product in their windows? A merchant will put his best goods in his window, but the saloons call a policeman for their finished product, have him carted off to jail out of sight of everyone, and have him returned after he has sobered up to refinish the job."—W. J. Bryan.

God gives us abundant material for food to sustain life. Man turns millions of that material into drink that destroys life. Help stop it.